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FOR AUGUST 1803.

ORIGINAL.

AMBULATOR, No. 3.

I HAVE often heard it remarked, and now experience the truth of the observation, that we are not always in a writing humor—that at some times our ideas are more fluent than at others. I have been considering the cause of this difference, ever since I sat down, without being able to come to any decision. Certain it is that some *cause* must exist, as an *effect* is produced. But as I am not competent to the investigation, nor have I inclination to enter into either physical or metaphysical enquiries, I shall not attempt an elucidation. Perhaps some friend, more able than myself may favor us with his opinions.

Fortunately for my barren imagination, I this instant received a letter from my friend Steady; the subject of which, as well as the writer's respectability, demand attention.

Mr. Ambulator,

I AM an old man, lately settled in this town, where I purpose ending my days. Passing along the street last week, a quarrel between two lads at the market house, attracted my attention, and I halted; when such language was made use of by both parties, such oaths and imprecations, that my old blood was chilled, and I remained some time petrified with astonishment. I have since enquired whether such language was permitted by parents and masters, and am sorry to say I was

informed the *example* of too many encourage the practice. The object of this letter, Mr. Ambulator, is, to request that you will devote one number to hold that immoral, as well as ridiculous custom, up to public view, in all its deformity—to admonish those who have the charge of youth, that on them will the stigma of rearing boys in this disgraceful practice fall, unless they make use of every preventative within their reach.

Your Friend,

SIMON STEADY.

I can assure my correspondent, I have not been a silent observer of the too prevailing custom of which he complains. In my daily walks, profane expressions have often saluted my ears—I have lectured, cautioned, and exhorted, but it was like *casting pearls before swine*, for my admonitions were attended with such little success, that I despair of reforming any of my auditors. Not only in the streets have my feelings been harrowed up by them—but in private companies—Nor does the presence of Ladies deter some of our *full-bred Bucks*, from what they esteem “Polite Swearing.”—How long the fair will listen to such profanation without shewing their displeasure, is uncertain—but I suspect it must become unfashionable before they treat its authors with the contempt they merit; unless the marked disapprobation of an old man, whose hoary locks command respect, and whose opinion they *may* venerate, should have its due weight with them.—He has declared the practice to be “Immoral, ridiculous, and disgraceful.”

If our Bloods are determined to persevere, I would recommend the proposition of Roderick Thunderbolt, of New-York, which follows—

Mr. Editor,

It is certain that our language has undergone a material change within the space of a century or two past, and as that change has not been recognized in

our colleges or academies, I think it high time it should excite some attention.

A profusion of epithets and expressions have been introduced into the language, both by the fashionable and vulgar classes of society, and have in the course of time been adopted by both. It pains me to perceive the extreme ungracefulness with which they are generally used; how often they are ill-timed or misplaced.

To correct this grievance, which must be sensibly felt by every admirer of pure language, I would suggest the expedience of establishing an academy, entitled the *Swearing Academy*. Here the scholars should be ranked in different classes, according to their proficiency.

They should be taught the positive, comparative, and superlative degrees of swearing. What kinds of oaths are the most original and fashionable—what the appropriate accent and countenance with which they should be applied—and the different style of swearing that should be used towards the barber who scratches your chin, and the ruffian who breaks your head.

Children of any age should be admitted, who should first be inducted into the study, with the innocent words of—quiz him—smoke him—hoax him—they might then rise to the more sonorous terms of—curse him—d—n him—and at length arrive to the most magnificent terms of obsecration.

Our pretty gentlemen might thus be learned the true art of swearing in a graceful and appropriate manner, free from that vulgarity which they often adopt through mistake.

As I am informed that some of the fair sex have lately thought proper to engraft this pleasing custom on their former stock of accomplishments, and begin now and then to lisp an oath in the prettiest manner imaginable—I think an out-door tutor might be appointed to the academy, who should wait upon the ladies at their houses, and instruct them on moderate terms. The tutor should have a soft voice and delicate mouth, that he might the more easily learn them the necessary modulations of tone, and the true manner of arranging their

sweet little lips to the occasion, so that the oaths, softened to a gentle demme, might drop like manna from them. Such a tutor I have in my eye—the dear creature has on his side all the advantages of a fashionable acquaintance, and generally graces one of the side boxes of our theatre.

For the instruction of the poorer class of citizens, who cannot afford to attend on week days, I would have a Sunday school instituted under similar regulations, only that the oaths might be coarser and better adapted to their circumstances in life.

R. THUNDERBOLT.

SELECTIONS.

KOTZEBUE'S ACCOUNT
OF THE
ILLNESS AND DEATH OF HIS WIFE.

[From his flight to Paris—in the Autumn of 1790.]

(Continued from page 140.)

ON the fourteenth she was somewhat indisposed. We believed this to be a matter of no consequence, only occasioned by the milk, and were satisfied nature relieves herself in various ways. On the fifteenth she again appeared quite well. Still do I see her, when, after having spent a very uneasy night with the idea of her indisposition, at five o'clock in the morning I stole softly into her chamber, and crept to the side of her bed, full of anxiety to learn some tidings of her. She stretched out her arms to me, and raised herself up, assured me that she was then perfectly free from complaint. Oh, blessed assurance! once more my mind was in a state of composure. I afterwards read to her a scene of a drama I was writing, for I always made her unsophisticated feelings the test by which I proved the real merit or demerit of my works. What did not draw a tear from her eyes, I blotted out. Alas! to whose feelings can I refer in future!—My tutelary genius has forsaken me!—My fire is extinguished!

She listened to me on this morning with her accustomed attention and pleasure; she gave her opinion upon the work as usual, her mind never appeared more clear or acute. Never! Oh, never will the piece of which this scene was a part, be finished! I should start back with horror were the fatal pages ever again to fall into my hands! The bare idea of adding another line to them gives me a feeling of criminality. I could not for all the treasures this world affords, endure to hear that part repeated which I read to her. The recollection of her nod of approbation as I proceeded, would harrow up my soul! For, Oh! it was the last approving nod I ever can receive from her.

On the sixteenth she began to complain of excessive faintness, and from this day her situation constantly grew more alarming. I became extremely anxious about her, and called in the advice of my old university friend the chief physician Hufeland, in aid of Mr. Buchholz, who had hitherto been our sole attendant. The disorder rapidly increased, her fever grew hourly higher, and she was at times delirious. Three days, which to me seemed like an eternity, thus passed on, when my anxiety became intolerable.

On the twentieth, I hastened early in the morning to Jena, to call in the assistance of the celebrated dr. Starke, who was my intimate friend, and of whose medical skill I had the highest opinion. Thus I thought nothing would be neglected on my part to save a life so dear—and this reflection has been my sole source of consolation in the midst of my despair at her loss. Heaven only knows what I suffered on this expedition. My fancy could not forbear to dwell on the most dreadful images which, though then merely ideal, were, alas! but too soon to be realized.

My friend was so good as to return with me immediately, and I was back again at Weimar, accompanied by him, within five hours from my departure. He found my Frederica very ill, but yet did not think her case by any means hopeless, and I once more began to breathe freely. Cathartics and Diaphoretics were administered.

She was become from delirium very peevish and obstinate, nor would take any thing but from my hands.— Oh, with what trembling hands did I reach her the glass with the medicine, but she kissed me when she had taken it, and my soul could not but find some consolation in this testimony, that amid the frowardness of disease, and wanderings of distraction, her affection for me remained pure and undiminished as ever.

On this day, my drama of *Misanthropy and Repentance* was performed. I mention this circumstance only to introduce an anecdote, which, even amid the anguish I then endured, gave me a sensation of pleasure. About eighty of the students at Jena came over to see the play. It was the usual custom of these young men, upon such occasions, after having attended the theatre, to have a jolly supper together somewhere, and about midnight to return home, not without much noise, and hallowing and clapping, all which we used to hear in full perfection, as their rout lay through the street where I lived. On this night alone, not a single carriage or horse passed my house, the whole party went quietly out of town by some other road, that they might not disturb my suffering wife. I mentioned this circumstance to her in the morning—she seemed pleased with the attention, and I take this opportunity of publicly returning my grateful acknowledgments to the gentlemen for it.

On the twenty-first and twenty-second, my Frederica continued much the same. I sent an express both mornings to Dr. Starke with an account of the situation of his patient. I scarcely ever quitted her bedside, and experienced some satisfaction at finding that she did not in general appear to have any apprehension of danger. Once only as I embraced her, and laid my cheek to hers, not being able to restrain my tears, she seemed for a moment to be struck with a degree of anxious solicitude. This, however, soon vanished again, as I wiped my eyes and endeavored to resume a countenance of hope and serenity. Indeed her delirium was commonly so strong, that it was impossible for her to be sensible of her situation.

On the twenty-third she was easier and better. This gave me very flattering hopes. I went to bed much more composed, and for the first time since her illness had some quiet sleep. But the next morning about half past four, I was awakened by the maid with the dreadful intelligence that her mistress was much worse. Oh God! with what horrible feelings did I spring out of bed and hasten to her room! I found her extremely uneasy. She complained of excessive pain at her heart, in her breast, in her back, and particularly in the right side about the lungs. She breathed very short, and her cheeks were extremely flushed. For some days, I had observed this symptom with great anxiety, but the day before had been much consoled about it.

I trembled so that I could scarcely stand, for I thought her almost at her last hour, and knew not what was to be done. The nurse and maid were the only people in the room with me. The latter I dispatched to Mr. Bucholz, who was so good as to come immediately, and soon after came my mother and Madame Musæus, the widow of my excellent friend the professor. We rubbed the body of the poor sufferer all over with flannel, particularly those parts where she complained most of pain. She found this a considerable relief, the pain abated, and she assured us she was much easier.

Oh how was my heart, in these anxious hours, tossed about between hopes and fears! Yet so horrible to me was the idea of the irreparable loss I was about to sustain, that how much soever appearances threatened that event, I could not persuade myself that it was possible it should take place. A still, small voice, seemed continually to whisper in my ear, this cannot be!—This affliction were too great to be endured!—Fate cannot inflict upon thee so severe a misfortune!—She may deprive thee of thy children, of thy property, but assuredly she will spare thy wife! Ah that I could but have trafficked thus with fate!—Could thus have purchased from death his devoted victim!

The physician hoped, that the alarming symptom which had appeared, preceded only the breaking out of

an eruption. How did I watch my beloved wife every moment, to examine if nothing of this kind was to be perceived; when, about noon, after repeated disappointments, some spots at last appeared. My transport was inexpressible. I ran immediately to both physicians with the happy tidings, and wept like a child. They shared in my joyful hopes, and conjured me, for God's sake, upon no consideration to let her be taken out of bed. Hitherto she had frequently got up to have her bed made, and however we sometimes wished her not to be disturbed, she was so extremely desirous of it, that it was scarcely possible to put it off. I now, therefore, never stirred from her room, since her love for me was so much more powerful than her disease, that when I tenderly intreated, she even gave this up. At night I laid down in the room with my clothes on; when Madame Musæus, who upon this melancholy occasion, proved herself a most sincere friend, promised faithfully, that if she appeared the least uneasy, I should be instantly awakened.

(To be Continued.)

NOVELS.

OF all the gratifications of which the human mind is susceptible, perhaps there is none more varied, diffusive, and seducing, than what arises from reading. The active and enquiring mind, which may from circumstances be prevented from gleanings knowledge, by studying the world at large, seizes with avidity the information which books afford. Those who mix in the active scenes of life, who, from their situation and pursuits, have daily an opportunity of reading men and manners, in the great volume of society, will resort to the advice and example of the wise and good of former ages, transmitted to posterity in the volumes of able writers. The pleasures arising from an attentive perusal of well chosen books, is of the most rational, exalted kind; it keeps the mental faculties in that state of activity, which is as necessary to the sanity of the mind, as walking, riding,

&c. is to the health of the body. But though the pleasures and advantages arising from reading are very great and numerous, yet when attention is not paid to the judicious selection of authors, when every book is indiscriminately perused without regard to matter or style, instead of improving the understanding, it serves only to confuse and weaken it. Multitudes of half formed incongruous ideas will float on the surface of the imagination, without enabling the possessor to adduce one sound argument in defence of any sentiment, or thesis which they may wish to defend. Perhaps there is nothing of more essential consequence to the next generation, than the kind of reading the youth of both sexes are allowed to indulge in, in this. It is much to be lamented that every arrival from Europe brings an importation of folly, impertinence, vice, immorality and impiety, into every metropolis throughout the union, under the specious name of works of imagination, works of amusement, commonly called NOVELS—and from our metropolis make their way into the country towns, and even into the houses of our farmers and laboring husbandmen. These works are particularly fascinating to young persons of ardent imaginations; they contain accounts of what was said and done by great personages on all occasions; the untutored country maid is delighted to hear how *my lord talked*, and how *my lady fainted*; how dreadfully Miss was in love, how her cruel father forbid her lover the house, locked her up, to prevent her throwing herself into the arms of a libertine, and how charmingly she outwitted her anxious parents and run-away with him; and how, after giving every possible proof of want of filial duty, want of moral and religious principle; in short, want of every quality that can render a human being respectable—the hero and heroine are made very rich, and immensely happy—every body that had opposed their perverse inclinations being killed out of the way.—And these delectable farragos are too often replete with scenes, and language, which the female ear should never be-

profaned by listening to, or the eye of chastity ever suffered to glance upon; and with opinions, which, operating on the young flexible mind, strikes at the very root of the christian religion; frequently ridiculing all religion as absurd, and pretending to elevate human nature, in effect degrades it almost to a level with brutes. What can be expected from men and women, who in early life imbibe such pernicious principles. How my heart aches when I see lovely girls just emerged from childhood, nay, sometimes not more than ten or twelve years of age, allowed to have free access to the circulating libraries, and suffered to read whatever book, chance or fashion may put into their hands; for there are fashionable novels, as well as fashionable head-dresses, and the young ladies of the present day, would be as much ashamed of not having the inside of their heads decorated with the tinsel of sentiment, philosophical discriminations, to prove wrong right, and the wisdom of our forefathers folly, with which the fashionable works abound; as they would to appear in public, without having the outside adorned by an auburn or yellow *Codicil* or *Elastic*. However, they have some excuse for the latter, as auburn or yellow tresses are undoubtedly *classical beauties*.—I wish it was thought of consequence enough by parents in general, unanimously to agree, and seek some judicious well educated sensible person, of good moral character, religious without enthusiasm, having clear ideas of right and wrong, yet free from formality and rigour—let such a person be appointed, for a genteel compensation, to be raised by subscription, to read every new work that comes into a town, and never suffer their children to peruse them, until the opinion of this literary *Censor* is publicly announced.

I would not be thought in this to condemn all NOVELS indiscriminately, far from it—I have read novels, and those from female pens, from which both pleasure and instruction might be gleaned; but of the multitudinous throng which crowd the libraries, perhaps not one in twenty could be ranked in this class. Far be it from

me to range the works of Miss *Burney*, Miss *Lee*, or Mrs. *Brooke*, among the pernicious productions of imagination. There are some novels also from the pen of a lady, whom I know not how to term with propriety either European or American, (Mrs. *Rowson*) which might be read with advantage, especially by females; but even her works are not without dangerous tendency, and perhaps of all her numerous productions, there are not more than three which could by an impartial censor be recommended. *Reuben and Rachel*, an historical romance is the best; *Charlotte and the Inquisitor*, have a considerable degree of merit. *Evelina*, *Cecelia*, *Camilla*, from the pen of Miss *Burney*; *Julia Mandeville*, &c. from Mrs. *Brooke*, who was the author of the beautifully simple, musical entertainments of *Rosina* and *Marian*; the *Recess* from the pen of Miss *Lee*, are unexceptionable.—There are a number of books from the elegant pen of other novelists worthy of attention, but their greatest merit is, that they represent human life as it is. The first beauty of works of fancy is, to keep as near truth as possible. To paint men and manners, so as not to mislead the inexperienced heart, or vitiate the yet untutored judgment, yet not to draw the curtain from before scenes which displayed, may corrupt, but cannot amend the morals,

Omne tulit punctum qui miscuit utile dulci,
Lectorem delectanda, pariterque monendo,
Hic meret æra liber Sotius, hic et mare transit,
Et longum noto scriptori prorogat ævum

Hor. "Art of Poetry."

which may be thus translated:

"By mixing usefulness with what is amusing, we charm all improve and delight at the same time.—These are the volumes which *ought* to enrich book-sellers, be transported across the ocean with applause, and bring immortal fame to the authors."—I have inserted the words *ought* to; for I am well convinced they do not always have that effect.

It may be thought a person fitted for the office of

literary Cenfor, would be hard to find. Perhaps so—but surely parents themselves might occasionally join the task. Mothers who read a new novel should ask themselves, should I like my daughter to think, speak and act as the heroine, or some prominent character there represented does? If conscious propriety answers no! then forbid them to read it; not by the positive command of “you must not,” and “shall not,” but by the milder adjuration of, “I think it will not pay you for your trouble. It is inconsistent, immoral, and unworthy attention. You may employ your time to more advantage.”—I am persuaded with such a plan put in execution, it would obviate much of the dangerous consequences of immoral writings, and tend at once to the happiness and rationality of society in general.



LETTER OF COLUMBUS.

Translated from the French.

THE letter we present to our readers bears every mark of authenticity; it is extracted from a manuscript found at Jamaica, and appears to have been written after the last voyage of Columbus, at an epoch when having completed his rich and important discoveries of Veragua, Mexico, and all the coast of Terra Firma, from the Gulph of Honduras, to the mouth of the Oronoko, he was constrained by the ruinous state of his vessels to go ashore on Jamaica, where he suffered all the extremes of misery. Cruelly tormented with the gout, abandoned by the greatest part of his crews, his provisions exhausted, and exposed to constant war with the natives, he had no other resource than sending information of his condition to St. Domingo. He dispatched a confidential servant in an Indian canoe, who was probably the bearer of the following letter, and papers mentioned in it, and which happily arrived at their destined place; but it does not appear that the letter ever reached the court of Spain.

CHRISTOPHER COLUMBUS,
TO THE
KING OF SPAIN.

JAMAICA, 1503.

“FROM Diego Mendes, and the papers I send by him, your Majesty will learn the richness of the gold mines I have discovered in the province of Veragua, and the intentions I had formed of leaving my brother at the river Berlin, if the vicissitudes of life and the decrees of heaven had permitted.—Whatever may happen, it is of little importance to the unfortunate Columbus, whether the honor of finishing these discoveries and forming establishments be reserved for some one, happier than himself, provided your Majesty and your successors reap the glory and the advantage. If by God’s permission, Mendes arrives in Spain, I doubt not that he will succeed in convincing your Majesty, and my august mistress, that it is not a chateau and park that I have added to your dominions, but a whole world, with innumerable subjects, a soil fertile beyond example, riches exceeding all the imagination can conceive, or avarice covet.

“But alas! nor Mendes, nor this letter, nor any mortal tongue can describe the troubles and sufferings of mind and body which I have endured, nor the dangers and miseries to which my son, my brothers and my friends are exposed! For more than ten months have we lain in the open air, on the decks of our vessels, run aground on the coast and fastened together. Those of my people who have kept their health have mutinied, at the instigation of Perras of Seville; those who have remained faithful are sick and dying. We have consumed all the provisions of the Indians, so that they have abandoned us—Thus famine menaces us with death.—To these evils, are joined so many aggravating circumstances, that in truth it would be difficult to find on the face of the earth, a being more wretched than Columbus. One would think that heaven aided the rage of

my envious enemies, and imputed to me as crimes my discoveries and my services ! Oh heaven ! and you, ye saints who inhabit it, permit the King Don Ferdinand and my illustrious sovereign Donna Isabella, to know that I am the most miserable of men, and that I have become so only from my zeal for their service and interest !

“ No, there can be no sufferings equal to mine ! I see with horror the approach of my destruction, and still more that of my brave companions, who have sacrificed all to follow me.

“ Almost sinking under the weight of my misery, what avails the title of viceroy and perpetual admiral, except to render me more odious in the sight of the Spanish nation ? It is evident that every thing conspires to shorten the thread of my life ; for besides that I am old and cruelly tormented with the gout, I languish and expire under other infirmities. Among savages, with whom I find neither remedies or aliments for the body, nor priests nor sacraments for the soul :— In the midst of rebel crews, with my son, my brother, my friends sick and perishing with pain and hunger, and deprived even of the succour of the Indians.

“ The bishop of St. Domingo sent a messenger here, but it was rather to inform himself whether I was dead, than to offer me assistance, for his people neither bro’t or would receive a letter, and refused even to speak to us ; from which I conclude, that my enemies are waiting with the expectation that my voyages and my life will terminate here.

“ Blessed mother of God, who compassionates the unhappy and the oppressed ; why was I not suffered to perish when Cenell Bovadilla ravished from us, my brother and myself, the gold we had so dearly acquired, and sent us to Spain, loaded with chains, without the least pretence of justice, or the shadow of a crime ?

“ These chains are the only treasures which remain, and I will have them interred in my tomb, if a tomb is allowed me ! For I wish for the honor of the Spanish name, that the remembrance of an act so tyrannical and unjust should be buried with me.

“ My death would have deprived Ovanda of the satisfaction of seeing us ten or twelve months afterwards fall the victims of the envy of men, as inexorable as the fatality of circumstances. Ah! holy mother of God, let not the Castilian name be tarnished with new infamy—Let no future ages know that there existed men so vile, so cowardly, as to seek to recommend themselves to Ferdinand, by destroying the too unfortunate Columbus, not for his crimes, but for his exclusive right to the glory of having discovered and given a new world to Spain.

“ Great God, it was thy work. It was thou who didst inspire and guide me in this enterprize; take then pity on me, and soften in my favor those hearts which still feel the sentiments of humanity and justice.

“ And you ye blessed spirits, who know my innocence and see my sufferings, have compassion on the age in which I live, too envious and too much hardened in vice to be affected by my fate.

“ No hope remains to console me, but my reliance on the piety and justice of future generations; they certainly will pity me, when they shall learn that at my cost and expence, at the risque and peril of my life, and that of my brother, and with the little aid from the crown of Spain, I have rendered to it in the space of twelve years, and during our voyages, services, such as mortal never before rendered to his king and country, and that the only recompence I have received, is to be left to perish, after having stripped me of every thing but my irons; so that the man who gave a world to Spain, has not a cabinet in which he can shelter himself or his wretched family!

“ Good angels! protectors of the innocent and oppressed! bear this letter to my august mistress; she knows all I have suffered for her glory and her service, and she will be humane and just enough, to snatch from misery the son and brother of the man, who has opened to Spain such inexhaustable sources of wealth; who has added to his dominions kingdoms and empires of unknown extent: she will not suffer them to beg the

bread they eat. If she still lives, she will dread, least the cruelty and ingratitude with which I have been treated, may provoke the anger of heaven to punish a succeeding generation for the transgressions of their fathers, by permitting other nations to despoil the Spanish empire of the riches and the world which I have discovered."

A LETTER FROM EDWIN TO HIS SISTER.

P—College, July, 1803.

MY DEAR MARIA,

IN compliance with your request, I now with pleasure lay aside my studies, to continue my remarks upon the degrading situation of your sex; and to point out to you the necessity of *education*, as the only means of rescuing their wonted dignity and happiness. To give you a just idea of your nature, your duty as a member of civilized community; and to introduce you to society, not in the haggard form of debased ignorance, but with a mien and air beaming with divinity, will ever be to me an object of the first importance. To find you still alive to wisdom's beauties, and animated with an increased ambition for literary celebrity, argues much in favor of your refined taste and future felicity. The respectable situation which females ought ever to be anxious of occupying in society, and the influence they might have over the conduct and actions of men, and I may add the pleasures they might anticipate in, the want of mental culture has in a great measure deprived them of. It is true their society is still courted by men—but, alas! it is not to listen to or participate in profound argument, or to be improved by useful enquiries, or charmed by lively flashes of wit, that they resort to their company. No! unfortunately want of proper education has rendered them generally strangers to those noble attributes of the human character: and habit has taught men never to expect it, in which they are seldom agreeably disap-

pointed. Indeed Maria, were the generality of men questioned as to the inducement which in general leads them to court female society, there are few I believe would be capable of assigning any rational or satisfactory answer, unless resorting to their animal natures, and admitting the triumph of animal appetites over their understandings: principals equally degrading to both sexes, and which are too generally the only inducement to their union. Hence, for the want of those humanizing affections, which are the only ebullitions of an improved mind; to sustain and cherish those natural desires, the demon of discord enters the paradise of marriage, and poisons with his pestiferous breath every opening joy. Hence also are females viewed as weak and irrational beings, and what remissness alone has made them, is frequently adduced by superficial reasoners as a proof of their natural inferiority of intellect. As if conscious of their natural imbecility, the book of knowledge by them is kept sacredly clasped; their minds imprisoned in their own little tenements, are incapable of roving abroad for improvement, and curiosity, rarely excited by thought or information, seldom moves on the stagnant lake of ignorance. Indeed, my dear sister, I blush for my sex, in reflecting how much they have it in their power, and the little they do for women. It has ever been the unjust, and I may add, irrational policy of fathers, to adorn the mind of the son, to the almost total neglect of that of the daughter, to whom they believe a few gaudy trappings and superficial accomplishments, are all that are requisite to render her happy and respectable through life. But how absurd the idea! It is true a brilliant dress will adorn the person, and superficial accomplishments may excite admiration; but alas! this admiration is the mere *effemera* of the day, which, by intimacy of acquaintance, will quickly subside; and the tinsel veil of vain grandeur, which at first obscured from our view the imbecility of mind, will quickly be withdrawn, and display in its true colours the *contemptible object* that pines beneath its shade.— But a cultivated mind is a jewel (though seldom found

in the female world) whose lustre time will not tarnish, and which intimacy of acquaintance will render still more brilliant.

There are but few, Maria, that have naturally a taste for reading; it requires much care and attention, and sometimes even compulsion to introduce the young mind to its refined pleasures. This care and attention is invariably bestowed upon the son, whilst the daughter is treated as an inferior animal of creation, unworthy the trouble. Thus are young ladies, suffered to grow up the mere children of nature in understanding, and when arrived at years of maturity, when energy of mind is sought for, they are found but little superior in real mental excellence to the infant in the cradle—Yet when arrived at this age, when we would naturally expect them, of themselves, to turn their attention to the cultivation of their minds, (for surely the many instances, in which they must necessarily have experienced their incapacity to participate in the conversation of literary circles, and the many occasions on which they have had cause to blush on account of their imbecility, ought to be a sufficient incentive to rouse their noble pride) so impotent is the sensibility produced by a mere polish of manners, compared with the sensibility of a cultivated understanding, that we find them almost devoid of feeling, and insensible to shame, even on the wing of pleasure, pursuing amusements degrading to human dignity.

(To be Continued.)

The following pathetic elegy was composed by Mir Mubanned Husain, a learned philosopher and scholar.—It is contained in the Asiatic Researches.

1. NEVER, O! never shall I forget the fair one who came to my tent with timid circumspection.

2. Sleep sat heavy on her eyelids, and her heart faltered with fear.

3. She had marked the dragons of her tribe (*the centinels*) and had dismissed all dread of danger from them.

4. She had laid aside the rings which used to grace her ankles, lest the sound of them should expose her to calamity.

5. She deplored the darkness of the way which hid from her the morning star.

6. It was a night when the eye-lashes of the Moon were tinged with the black powder of the gloom—

7. A night when thou mightest have seen the clouds like camels eagerly grazing on the stars—

8. While the eyes of heaven wept on the bright borders of the sky—

9. The lightning displayed his shining teeth with wonder at this change in the firmament—

10. And the thunder almost burst the ears of the deafened rocks.

11. She was desirous of embracing me, but through modesty declined my embrace.

12. Tears bedewed her cheeks, and to my eyes watered a bower of roses.

13. When she spake, her panting sighs blew flames into my heart.

14. She continued expostulating with me on my excessive desire to travel.

15. Thou hast melted my heart, she said, and made it feel inexpressible anguish.

16. Thou art perverse in thy conduct to her who loves thee, and obsequious to thy guileful advisers.

17. Thou goest round from country to country, and art never pleased with a fixed residence.

18. One while the seas roll with thee, and another while thou art agitated on the shore.

19. What fruit, but painful fatigue, can arise from rambling over foreign regions?

20. Hast thou associated thyself with the wild Antelopes of the desert, and forgotten the tame deer?

21. Art thou weary then of our neighbourhood? O! woe to him who flees from his beloved!

22. Have pity at length on my afflicted heart, which seeks relief and cannot obtain it.

MATERNAL AFFECTION.

A SAILOR of Martinique married a young woman, as virtuous as she was beautiful—and she, having expended all the little money her husband had left her before he embarked, had recourse to a wealthy citizen, to whose protection she had been confided. The citizen enflamed with the charms of the fair borrower, demanded, as the price of his services, the surrender of her virtue. Relying on the hope of her husband's return, and shuddering with indignation at the proposal, the insulted woman refused without hesitation. The sailor did not arrive—and in a few days, all the resources of this unhappy woman were exhausted—want too clearly made her sensible of her situation—she was a mother! and dreaded to behold one infant perish at that breast which had nourished it, and the other whose maturer years called for bread, expire of hunger before her—she fought the tyrant again, in hopes of softening him.—But prayers and tears could obtain nothing from the barbarian—she was forced to capitulate—and vanquished by necessity, she permitted him to come to supper with her. After a meal which was spiritless, the citizen pressed her to fulfil her promise.—The poor woman took him to the cradle where the child was sleeping, and then pressing it to her bosom, her eyes full of tears, she said to it—“Drink my dear babe! drink my dear, freely; thou yet receives the milk of a virtuous woman, whom necessity alone stabs to the heart. To-morrow, for alas! I cannot wean thee—to-morrow! thou wilt drink the milk of an unhappy”—her tears finished the sentence. The citizen beheld—and was moved at the sight. Throwing his purse at her feet, he exclaimed—“It is not possible to resist so much virtue!”

SPANISH PROVERBS.

A wall between both best preserves friendship.

Setting down in writing is a lasting memory.

As you use your father, so your children will use you.

One pin for your purse and two for your mouth.